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—Richard Austen

THE

Commonweal

Tito's Turn To the East

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

Cops, Robbers, and Citizens

by Victor C. Ferkiss

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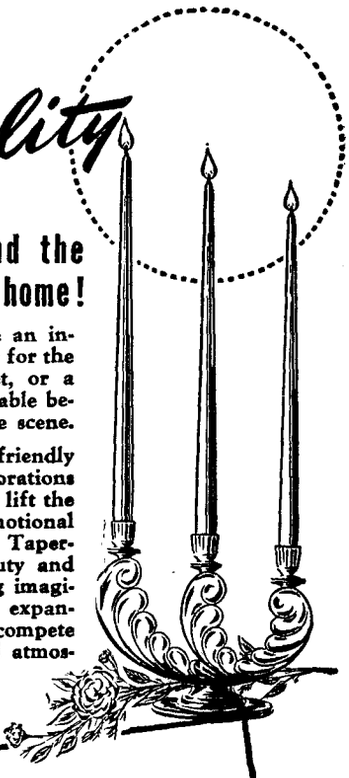

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The
Commonweal
week by week

TECHNIQUES TO IMPART

FOR over three decades now observers in Europe have been fearful of the spread of such American phenomena as standardization and mass production. They have dreaded the adoption of such techniques as destructive of their more cultivated way of life. Awareness that, nevertheless, certain changes in their cumbersome and outmoded methods of production were inevitable has led to a heightening of anti-American sentiments. There is a certain irony in the fact that it was American bombers which, by destroying antiquated productive facilities and other buildings, intensified the postwar demand for more efficient factories and construction methods. World War II was indeed responsible for breaking down a long-cherished resistance.

European economies are rapidly becoming Americanized in a number of ways. For the first time there are groups of workers with enough pay to buy some of the products of their nation's industry. Cars on the road have so increased in numbers as to produce new traffic problems. Production itself is constantly expanding—at the present stage it is fifty per cent above the prewar level for Western Europe. A demand is beginning to be heard for the adoption of American merchandizing methods, including the ceaseless hammering home of catchy brand names and widespread extension of credit for installment buying. There will be plenty for social critics to dissect in this new order of things.

The present trend in European industrialization presents a sharp contrast to the economic situation in most of the under-developed areas, those lands inhabited by two-thirds of the world's population, where per capita income is less than $150 a year. There the pace of industrialization is negligible—at times even less than what it was before the war. This is partly because a number of newly independent countries lack the working capital which their mother country once supplied while they still had colonial status. Atomic power and automation will widen this gap further.

While there is still considerable human need here and there in the United States and industrialized Western Europe, the hour has doubtless come for major emphasis on exporting our proficiencies in production. The poverty-stricken majority of the human race is today in ferment; men no longer accept their status of deprivation and insecurity. If without realizing all that would be required of them, they are eager to acquire the means of obtaining life's material goods. (And in their resentments they are more susceptible than ever to the skillfully-couched utopian promises of native, Chinese and Russian Communists.)

THE complexities of exporting Western know-how can scarcely be over-estimated. In many lands it is essential to start almost wholly from scratch. Among the leading obstacles are chronic disease, enervating climates and lack of the required will. More than three-quarters of the people in these lands are still illiterate, according to a recent study by UNESCO. Where to begin is often a puzzle.

Of course, some technical assistance is in progress under UN, American and other auspices. Some five thousand technicians are currently out in the field and another five thousand in training, many of them preparing to return to their homelands. Most are scientists in the strict sense; there is also great need of social engineers, men who can show people how to organize labor unions, cooperatives, community facilities and credit unions.

Lack of capital is a tremendous stumbling block. In a hand-to-mouth, agrarian existence savings are virtually non-existent. Foreign capital, often a symbol of colonial oppression, is not always welcome. From the investor's point of view great risk is involved and currency restrictions serve as a bar to receiving the fruits of foreign enterprise. For these and other reasons, Americans, who have by far the greatest savings, invest $64 in United States securities for every dollar they invested abroad (1954 figures).

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The Eisenhower Administration has been seeking ways of furthering the development of industry in other lands by encouraging private investment. It has negotiated better terms for private investors with a number of foreign governments. It has sought to build up certain tax incentives. And it has sought to increase various grants and loans for industrial development purposes. Even if the over-all objective of annual funds for this purpose the world over is but a billion dollars—as compared with thirty-seven billions for arms expenditures—Mr. Eisenhower and his advisors recognize what needs to be done. These grants and loans are to be supplemented (primarily in Latin America) by such new agencies as the Interamerican Capital Corporation and the International Finance Corporation, which offers its hundred million dollars worth of shares to members of the World Bank.

This operation enjoys official support and is actually under way. But is its urgency generally recognized? Do existing plans measure anywhere near the scale required? The impression is unavoidable that national concern is lacking here. Perhaps one day a justifiable pride in new peaks in production and in an economic system which has provided two cars for one out of every ten American families will be assailed by certain doubts. Perhaps the American public will be aroused by our failure successfully to impart to the great bulk of our fellow-men the secrets of our ability to produce and distribute.

NEXT WEEK

EILEEN FANTINO writes about life today in East Harlem.

"Walking through East Harlem ghettos you're swallowed up by the motion and sound of blaring music, rhythmic and electric, the pattern of children running through empty lots piled high with ripe garbage, darting between horn-blasting cars and lemon-ice carts, sullen ragged shadows of half-dead men huddling in a doorway waiting for the dope pushers to bring a precious dose of heroin, families overflowing from the crowded dark tenements sitting on the front steps or on the fire escapes to get a breath of air and watching the never-ceasing play which life has become. Each small candy store is a world unto itself where youngsters listen to the magic pulsation of the juke box, their only touch of forgetfulness, where they watch knowingly the intrigue of a dope sale on the street outside, where slowly and inevitably escape becomes the motivation for life. . . ."

THE CONSERVATIVES' TRIUMPH

THE victory of Sir Anthony Eden's Conservative party was decisive: in the new Parliament its majority will be fifty-nine seats. Britain is thus assured of a strong Tory government for the next five years.

United States reaction to this assurance is, of course, relief and satisfaction. We have never felt quite at ease with the Laborites: like proper graduates of some English public school, we feel that the Conservatives are really more our kind. Mr. Attlee, to be sure, is decent enough, but one never knows what mischief that dreadful Mr. Bevan might cause. Now, for a time at least, we need not worry. We can relax in Sir Anthony's company, sure that nothing too painful or unpleasant will be said over the diplomatic teacups.

And this is to the good. For though no major change in Anglo-American relations would have been likely had Labor formed Her Majesty's next government, many things would have been impossible that now might come about. In the sympathy and understanding that will exist between friends solutions may be found that could never have been approached had Labor won.

A peaceful solution to the China crisis, for example. "The fate of China may in a sense be settled in British ballot boxes," C. L. Sulzberger wrote in the New York *Times* shortly before the election. "There is some hope of working out a diplomatic formula to ease the China crisis if the present government returns to office," he said, "and very little if Labor wins the vote." This hope can now be sustained, along with some others of similar importance for the peace of the world.

For, ironically, the British Labor party bears many resemblances these days to the American Republican party. Both are led by moderate, non-doctrinaire men; both also are menaced by a vociferous, fanatical minority within them which wages a constant struggle for control and seriously jeopardizes the leadership's ability to govern. President Eisenhower has defeated Senator McCarthy, but at the cost of how many, and what distasteful, compromises? And there is still Senator Knowland. Would Mr. Attlee have been able to defeat Mr. Bevan? And in the process what compromises would he have had to make, at what price to the Anglo-American alliance? It is such unanswered questions that probably, as much as anything else, contributed to the Conservatives' stunning victory.

Somewhere between Joseph R. McCarthy and Aneurin Bevan lies an acceptable solution to the China question. Sir Anthony Eden can perhaps find it where Mr. Eisenhower or Mr. Attlee could

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not, harassed and halted as both are by inflexible dogmatisms and dangerous illusions within their respective parties: neither can move *too* far towards the center himself; Sir Anthony can stand there for he is master in his own house. This is the most encouraging aspect, for Britain and for the world, of the Conservative triumph in Britain.

There are other aspects which are not so encouraging. The *Manchester Guardian*, in its pre-election editorial, expressed its belief that a big Tory majority would prove unfortunate. "The most useful result of the election," it thought, "would be a Conservative Government with a bare working majority—rather larger than at present—and a strong Opposition. It would be a misfortune if the Labor party came out of the election crushed and demolished. That was what happened in 1931 and it took nearly a decade for the party to recover its sanity and get out of the clutches of the Marxian Left whose philosophy had risen like froth to the top in the hour of defeat."

It would be most unfortunate—most dire—if as a result of its defeat this should happen to Labor now. Were the moderate leadership of Mr. Attlee to be replaced by the doctrinaire unreality of Mr. Bevan the whole West would be endangered, just as it would be endangered were the right wing to gain control of the Republican party in the United States. Under the guidance of Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison and the late Ernest Bevin, the British Labor party played too noble a role in the West's survival for any free men to feel satisfaction in its defeat. The hope of all Americans must be that, in opposition, British Labor will continue in the great tradition that it has established since 1945.

REPORTING DESEGREGATION

WHEN it comes to articles on race relations, writers and editors in this country face a real problem. If they stress the progress that has been made, they run the risk of encouraging complacency about the many abuses that remain to be corrected. And if they put their emphasis on the large tasks that remain, they may underplay the real progress of recent years and hence do America less than justice.

In practice, most responsible editors and writers try to strike a reasonable balance. But the situation is complicated by the fact that quiet progress is not headline material; violence and excitement are. At their annual convention some weeks ago, representatives of the nation's newspapers heard some pertinent remarks on the subject. The speaker was Charles A. McKnight, former editor of the Charlotte, N.C., *News* and now director of the Southern Education Reporting Service in Nashville.

The bright side of the desegregation picture, Mr. McKnight said, has received "minimum coverage" in the press. "Desegregation more often than not has been accomplished in the past year directly and without incident, and more often than not Southern political leaders have not accurately reflected the views of many responsible Southerners." Yet the casual newspaper reader could easily get the erroneous impression that desegregation has been marked by riots and disorder all over the South, he said, and he urged the editors to do a "better job of backgrounding the less spectacular but more meaningful developments."

That Mr. McKnight had a point is indicated by a recent report issued by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In its historic decision only a year ago, the Supreme Court ruled that segregation in the public schools is unlawful; it did not then implement its decision with a directive on the manner in which its ruling should be put into practice. Yet already almost one-quarter of a million Negro and white children are attending classes together in peace, in five hundred public schools that were until last year strictly segregated. Integration in these areas has proceeded on a voluntary basis, since the schools could have waited for a further directive from the Supreme Court, and it has been accomplished largely without incident.

Like Mr. McKnight, the NAACP thinks newspaper coverage of desegregation has been misleading, terming the press handling of the issue "something of a journalistic scandal." School desegregation has been initiated in the District of Columbia, Baltimore, two towns in Arkansas, twenty-nine counties in West Virginia, thirty communities in Missouri, five towns in Delaware, six cities in Kansas and in scattered communities in Arizona and New Mexico. Indian children as well as Negro children have benefited, and several Southern colleges have also begun to abolish discrimination. In this large process, isolated strikes and inspired demonstrations have been widely publicized. Yet for every incident of this nature, the NAACP notes, "there have been scores of unheralded instances of Negro children being welcomed by their new white schoolmates and teachers. Indeed, this has been the rule; the hate demonstration, the exception."

As the NAACP points out, integration is, of course, far from an accomplished fact. The children in schools which have been desegregated as a result of the Supreme Court decision represent only

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a small minority of the total involved; there are just short of ten million white children and almost two and one-half Negro children enrolled in schools in the segregated area. But there is plenty of evidence, as the report says, "that the South—even the white south—does not present a solid phalanx against compliance."

Whatever the real problems that may lie ahead, desegregation is certainly proceeding better than most people dared hope it would a few years ago. And an important point is that desegregation will necessarily spread from schooling all through American life. As Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, put it: "It becomes more clear each day that racial segregation in our country is on the way out." Whatever the headlines, this is big—and welcome—news.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN BELGRADE

IN 1948 the Cominform denounced Marshal Tito as a tool of counter-revolutionary Trotskyism. He had departed from the true Marxist-Leninist doctrine and become a "Judas," a "murderer," and a "fascist." He was an "enemy of the people."

Now Mr. Khrushchev (accompanied by Premier Bulganin) has come to Belgrade, cap in hand. The fierce charges of 1948, he has announced, were all lies "fabricated by the enemies of the people, detestable agents of imperialism who by deceptive methods pushed their way into the ranks of our party." He has asked Marshal Tito to forgive and forget, to come back to Moscow where everyone really loves him after all.

If Marshal Tito is only a fraction as wise as he has thus far seemed to be in the handling of his affairs and the saving of his skin, he will listen to Mr. Khrushchev's loving words with a strong dose of skepticism. But the workings of the Communist mind remain devious, and in this issue of The Commonweal Gunnar D. Kumlien suggests an ominous interpretation of what is now taking place.

Mr. Kumlien's, of course, is only one interpretation. Though he makes it a compelling one, there may be others. In any event, what is happening in Belgrade now can give no comfort to any man in the West.

SICK CITIES

THOSE who plan for the future of American cities have their work cut out for them. Recently the Welfare and Health Council of New York City issued a report on the problems ahead. Although the details will naturally vary from place to place, the basic problems it enumerates are present to plague all major U.S. cities.

It seems quite clear there will be a continuing flight to the suburbs. At the same time the city's lowest-income population will increase sharply. In New York, as in other metropolises, housing remains the great need. Despite the unprecedented prosperity and the present rate of home construction, supply is far behind need in our great cities. A four-fold increase in the present volume of subsidized housing for low-income families, the report said, would "bring us within striking distance of the goal of decent housing for all the economically disadvantaged." The need for housing for families in the lower middle-income bracket is pressing in most cities; in New York the Welfare Council described this as the most serious need.

City fathers have many worries, and housing is only one of them. But the Welfare Council report stressed the vital role of housing in the total urban picture. "Not only does the gap between activity and need appear to us to be the greatest in housing," said the Council, "but a marked gain in this sector will have a 'multiplier' effect. It will improve health, reduce juvenile delinquency, and mitigate the need for foster placement of children."

New York has done more to meet its problems than most cities. But it does seem that all over the United States the basic problems of city life today are not being faced squarely. Most of our large cities have block after block and mile after mile of slum areas, festering and growing. In many of them what is called slum clearance does not even begin to keep up with the malignant growth of these blighted areas. And in those cities where slums have become associated with minority racial groups, there is an ever growing tendency to play down the terrible need for action now.

Our great cities are in serious trouble. Despite heroic efforts by some courageous men, the trouble gets worse. More State and Federal aid is needed—not five years from now, not ten years from now, but soon, today. But before there can be more Federal and State aid, there has to be more compassion, more understanding, more realization that this is not just a matter of statistics. Slums do not mean homes that lack the modern conveniences; they mean areas and buildings unfit for human beings to live in. Before the problem can be met, the conscience of this nation must be aroused. The grim paradox of rat-ridden tenements in the midst of America's wealth is too terrible to continue.

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Tito's Turn to the East

THE BELGRADE VISIT OF THE SOVIET EMISSARIES ONLY DRAMATIZES A REVERSAL LONG IN THE MAKING

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

TITO's Yugoslavia is gradually returning to the East. This is not a mere impression; it becomes a conviction when a visitor who knows the country returns to it now and compares the situation with what it was a couple of years ago. Naturally, unforeseen events might happen to change the situation once more, but if developments proceed in their present direction, Yugoslavia will soon be a deserving representative of the Eastern bloc again. Indeed, it already acts in that capacity—at the same time as its facade appears more and more nicely "democratic" in the Western sense of the word.

Tourists and businessmen from all over the West are now flocking to Yugoslavia, "the country of the tame Communists," and they are finding it increasingly open and hospitable, its inhabitants increasingly outspoken and their differences with the West steadily decreasing. They don't see much external evidence of Communism; on the contrary, they observe a marked contrast with other Communist countries suspiciously closed to most visitors. In some cases the impression is downright idyllic. Even the uniforms of the officers in the Yugoslav Army have changed; they no longer look like the uniforms of the Red Army but like the uniforms in any Western army; on Sundays the people go freely to church, and in the market places and on the streets selling and buying go on according to the customs of private enterprise. How can it be, then, that Yugoslavia is turning East?

WHEN I visited Yugoslavia for the first time in 1947, before the break with Moscow, the country's major difference with the other Communist nations was the fact that it had the biggest and toughest Communist party. It was not necessary for the Yugoslav Communists to disguise themselves behind a camouflage of moderation before they seized power, as had happened in the neighboring countries: they had power already and liked to show it. They had brutally liquidated not only the old ruling class, but also the anti-Communist resistance movement of General Draza Mihailovic. The atmosphere was nightmarish: the slogan "Death to Fascism and Freedom to the People!" was repeated to the point of insanity and the gray drab mass of the citizens lived in terror.

The second time I visited Yugoslavia was in 1949, after the break with Moscow. The cause of the break was not that Yugoslavia had been insufficiently Communist, but that the Yugoslav Communists, as the most apt pupils of the Russians, had rushed the development towards an ideal Communist state to a point that had interfered with the worldwide Cominform policies and disturbed them. It was obvious that the Yugoslavs had gained a surprise advantage over the Russians; the neighboring countries were impressed and the Yugoslavs were pushing their success, even trying, through their propaganda in Russian, to influence the Russians themselves.

The leading Yugoslav Communists looked to Communist China for support, but to their dismay, Mao-Tse-tung turned down all attempts in that direction. Refugees, many of them Communists, streamed into Yugoslavia from neighboring countries, particularly from Bulgaria. They were received with open arms at the same time as Yugoslav Communists who had remained faithful to Moscow illegally left the country. Then came the bloody purge of Moscow Communists in Yugoslavia and of Tito Communists in neighboring countries.

When I visited Yugoslavia for the third time, in 1951, the Russians not only had recovered from their surprise, but had liquidated all Tito Communists in the neighboring countries, and Yugoslavia itself was under intense economic, political and psychological pressure: one could feel it almost physically. In spite of the aid from the West which had finally started, the general atmosphere was extremely depressed. The prisons, the concentration camps and the deportation islands in the Adriatic were filled with Yugoslav Communists who sympathized with Moscow. In spite of the ruthless purge, however, pro-Moscow Communists were everywhere, not only within the Party, but among the Army officers, in the Central Com-

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mittee of the Party, within the secret political police, and even in the bodyguard of Tito itself.

Within the Party no one dared to trust his friends: members were denounced and counter-denounced in chain reactions; many, unable to stand the psychological strain, committed suicide; families were destroyed as brother was compelled to witness against brother, father against son. Radio propaganda from the neighboring countries was deafening—and so well informed that Moscow obviously had eyes and ears everywhere. Fear of an attack from the neighboring countries was so great that defense measures were rushed, particularly in the Eastern parts of the country, where I at the time observed newly built air raid shelters and newly camouflaged railway stations. The residence of Tito in Dedinje, outside Belgrade, looked like a fortress, bristling with anti-aircraft guns and complete with underground fortifications.

HOW are things now? The frightened world of a few years ago seems to have vanished like an evil dream. The imprisoned Moscow Communists, some thirteen thousand in number, are practically all released—not only released, but in most cases back in the same or similar positions as before. They no longer live in constant fear of being arrested, but seem to enjoy the highest consideration. The war of the broadcasting stations was finished long ago and Soviet-Yugoslav relations on the air are most cordial. Diplomatic relations, relations on the parliamentary level, commercial and cultural relations are also, with very few exceptions, as good and smooth as before the 1948 break. In the Soviet Embassy the diplomatic personnel has been changed, as is usual when a new policy is inaugurated, and among the newcomers is a man whose name does not figure in the official diplomatic list but recalls the fraternity between the Yugoslav partisans and the Red Army during the war. He is a son of Marshal Zhukov. And finally Mao Tse-tung has decided to take Tito's outstretched hand and has sent to Belgrade one of Red China's outstanding diplomats, Wu-Hsiu-ch'uan.

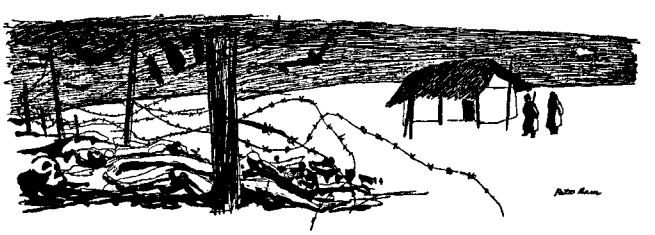
There are no anti-aircraft guns around Tito's residence any more; he travels about more than ever, and security measures are no more extensive than before his break with Moscow. It is obvious that he no longer fears violence from the East. Communist refugees from the neighboring countries, above all the Bulgars, have been handed back to their homelands. During one of my earlier stays in Yugoslavia I met several of them, some still wearing uniforms. They told terrible tales about the Russian rule in their country. What has happened to them now?

It is increasingly clear that the Balkan Pact, intended to be a cornerstone in the defense of the West and an alliance of the three best armies in the Eastern Mediterranean, exists for all practical purposes only on paper. The Greek Army has been unable to forget that it was Communist Yugoslavia which only eight years ago helped the Greek Communist partisans to bleed the country white in a ghastly civil war, and what is happening now makes them even more suspicious. The Yugoslav Communists, on the other hand, do not hide the fact that they consider Turkey practically a Fascist country.

More than six months ago Trieste was eliminated as a cause of conflict between Italy and Yugoslavia, and still nothing concrete has been done to improve relations between the two countries—least of all on the military level. Italy is a member of NATO, but not of the Balkan Pact; Yugoslavia is a member of the Balkan Pact (at least on paper), but not of NATO and refuses to enter NATO itself or to admit Italy into the Balkan Pact. The Italian General Staff is naturally interested in the "Ljubljana Gap," the only weak point in Italian land defenses—and which is now on Yugoslav territory. Many invasions of Northern Italy have come through this Gap in the past. But official Yugoslav reaction to this interest is that it is none of Italy's business.

On the other hand, it is an official secret of both the Yugoslavs and the Italians that in case of emergency the Yugoslav Army plans to retire to the wild mountains of the South, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which are considered to be nearly as impregnable as the famous Swiss national redoubt in the heart of the Alps. If one mentions this to a Yugoslav Communist and stresses the fact that the Ljubljana Gap remains open and that a big army from the East might thus easily roll into the Po Valley, the reply usually is: We don't give a damn! The Italian Army will run anyway!

THAT is the present situation in Yugoslavia. How has it reached such a point? The main reason seems to be "the two-hundred thousand veterans." They are the original nucleus of the Communist Party which gathered round Tito during the war. Some of them are deeply read in the texts of Marx and Lenin. They are, without any doubt, in a way an *élite,* a selection of the toughest, the most intelligent, the most fanatical and the most ambitious men and women in the country, with Communism as their common platform and ideal.



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They destroyed the earlier bourgeois ruling class to a point that even the remnants of it seem to have lost their will to survive; they occupied all the leading positions in the country, quite independently of the government, the Politbureau and the central committee of the Party. Practically all the officers of the army, the secret as well as the ordinary police, the higher echelons within the administration, all the ruling organs of the nation belonged to them at the time of the break with Moscow in 1948. And they were the victims of the purge which followed and which, for "technical reasons," had to be stopped before the two-hundred thousand purged themselves out of existence.

Since a complete purge proved impossible, an attempt was made to "dilute" the veterans' influence. The Party, after it had attained power, like all Communist parties in the world became closed and exclusive. Then it was suddenly opened by Tito to about half a million Tito sympathizers. But not even that was successful. The veterans contemptuously called the newcomers "the new Communists," considered them social climbers without backbones, and remained a party within the party, biding their hour, knowing that it would eventually come.

It was obvious from the beginning that the Russian attacks were not directed against them, but only against Tito and his close collaborators. At the same time the two-hundred thousand made no secret of their conviction that, however things developed, Yugoslavia had no future whatsoever with the West. According to their view, it is as impossible for a Communist country to live in the Western bloc as for a fish to live on the shore. The fish might live there for a short while, but finally it has to die or return to the water. There could be no middle ground for them; either Yugoslavia would cease to be a Communist country or it would return to the East.

THEN something happened in Yugoslavia which shook the country to its very foundations. The Western ambassadors had informed Tito of their decision to hand over the A-zone with Trieste to the Italians and the B-zone to the Yugoslavs, in order to settle the question once and for all. Tito obviously resented being presented with an accomplished fact, and demonstrations took place in front of the American, British and Italian embassies. These facts were widely reported. What is less known is that Tito at a certain point lost control of the mobs. Mysterious forces seemed to direct them and they grew to the point that the people's militia which had been mobilized to protect the embassies was swept away. American citizens were beaten up and in real danger of being lynched; the American cultural center in Belgrade was devastated, and American cars were destroyed. Yugoslav girls who had been seen with Americans were stripped naked and their hair shorn, exactly as happened at the end of the war in many places in Europe with girls who had been seen with Germans. And as the howling crowd went wild, slogans were heard which were once well known, but had not been heard in Yugoslavia since the break with Moscow: "Down with the American warmongers!" "Long live peace!" "Long live the Soviet Union!"

It was the veterans' warning to Tito, and he saw the writing on the wall. It did not change anything as far as Trieste was concerned, but it changed many other things. The next step was the counter-purge of two of Tito's collaborators, Nilovan Djilas and Wladimir Dedijer, an event which mystified many observers in the West. Djilas had been on the point of leaving for Norway where he was expected to make an important speech on national policy to the Norwegian Social Democrats. Dedijer had just published a book about Tito in the U. S. which contained numerous attacks on the Russians. Another of Tito's old companions, Edward Kardelj, was chosen as the executioner. First of all he took on Djilas, the bigger of the two. In a violent speech at a meeting of the central committee of the Party, Kardelj denounced Djilas, because of his Socialist tendencies, as a traitor. From the point of view of Moscow the speech was completely orthodox and Kardelj even used Lenin's words when he branded the Social-Democrats as the most dangerous enemies of true Marxism, calling them "Social-traitors."

Thereafter, Kardelj—not Djilas—left for Oslo and made the speech about Yugoslav policy which attracted much attention in the West for its moderation and tolerance. It was a pathetic fraternal appeal addressed to the Scandinavian Social-Democrats, asking for understanding, in exactly the same way that Yugoslav leaders often appealed to the Socialists in Great Britain and in Western Germany for understanding of "Yugoslavia's way." Kardelj's speech was important: it is still considered more or less the Magna Carta of present Yugoslav policy, and without any doubt it sums up the elaborate facade which is visible to the West. But in Belgrade the veterans chuckled.

Thus it became more and more clear that not only were the Communist veterans in Yugoslavia considered acceptable to the USSR, but that even Tito and his closest collaborators, who since the break had been regarded as the worst kind of black sheep, were trying hard to win forgiveness. About this time the Communist refugees from the neighboring countries, above all from Bulgaria, were handed back to their homelands. This was considered a decisive proof of good will. Sofia was chosen as the most appropriate place for a non-official meeting between a Russian and a Yugoslav

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plenipotentiary. To start with, these representatives agreed that the future is more important than the past. The Russian then admitted that mistakes had been committed on the Cominform side, but pointed out that somebody had paid for them: Beria. The Yugoslav replied that mistakes had been committed on his side, too, but that somebody had paid for them: Djilas. That is how the new lines were drawn up for a fresh start.

OFFICIALLY, the attitude is naturally quite different. In order to save face, on both sides it is said that nothing has changed. And in order to explain things to the West, a subtle sophistical distinction—on both sides—is frequently made, between what happens on the political level—a general easing of tension—and what happens on the ideological level: no change. There are Western diplomats who are satisfied with this explanation, but their number is decreasing.

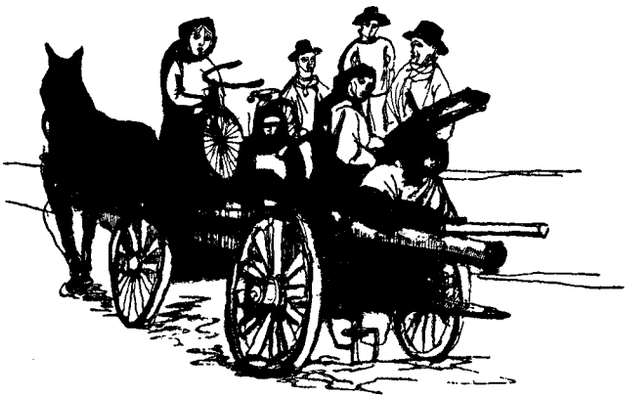
The question is not whether Yugoslavia will join the Eastern bloc in the same way as it was a member of it before—at least not for the moment; everything indicates that this move would not even be desirable from a Russian viewpoint. There are still a few questions inside Yugoslavia concerning internal policy which have to be discussed before everything is settled. But as far as foreign policy is concerned, the parallelism is perfect and the current line the same: active and peaceful coexistence, active in the sense that it is a policy encouraging the formation of neutral and neutralizing centers, like Austria, by all possible means, in order to form if possible an uninterrupted chain of neutral countries from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean, thus hindering the West from building up its planned defenses.

For the USSR, the importance of Tito's support in foreign policy consists in his supposed independence. If some country inside the Eastern bloc urged a neutral buffer zone, Poland or Communist China, for example, no one would take it very seriously. But everybody listens to Tito because he is officially an independent, exactly as he was listened to when he supported the foreign policy of the USSR during his recent travels in Burma and India, or when he receives distinguished visitors from the West, some of which seem to think he is an oracle of some sort. All this is discussed by Yugoslav Communists during Party meetings and even outside. They are conscious of the service rendered by their country to the international Communist cause, and they are happy that Yugoslavia is reconciled with the other Communist parties and countries in the world.

The strange thing about the 1948 break with Moscow and this present reconciliation is that it all has taken place as if there were nothing but Communists in Yugoslavia. The country has sixteen million inhabitants, and only about two hundred thousand of them are really Communists. Does the rest of the population just follow and approve, or what is otherwise the matter with them?

It is a fact that the Yugoslav man in the street has never before complained so much about everything as he does now. Any of the numerous tourists from the West visiting the country notice it. Not only the poor remnants of the old bourgeois ruling class, but employees, workers and peasants are dissatisfied. This is true in spite of the fact that living conditions in the country have improved, although Yugoslavia still makes a drab and gloomy impression compared to Western Europe. The Yugoslavs put it this way: in the old days private capitalists exploited the workers; the difference now is that the whole nation is exploited by the Communist State.

The Communist contempt for public opinion and the will of the majority, however, is such that all these complaints do not seem to bother the new ruling class much. Moreover, perversely enough, they make a good impression on visitors from the West who see them as manifestations of freedom of speech. The freedom to complain is therefore a luxury which any police state can easily afford.



There is still, apparently, some margin for further dissatisfaction left in Yugoslavia. Yet it is an extraordinary thing that the dissatisfied, who without any doubt are the majority, did not profit from the break between their Communist rulers and Moscow. They did not seize the opportunity to make their voices heard. At that most favorable moment the anti-Communists in Yugoslavia proved to be so weak that they were practically ignored by the Communists in both camps, who were afraid only of each other.

DOES all this mean that there are no differences any more between Communism in the Eastern bloc and Communism in Yugoslavia? There are differences, but again one has to be careful not to be taken in by the elaborate *façade*. "The Yugoslav ex-

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periment" or "national Communism" has been studied with great interest by prominent visitors from the West, mostly Socialists, as a most interesting new shoot on the tree of Marxism. Much of it, however, exists only theoretically, on paper, or is nothing but a fairy tale.

One example is the alleged "withering away" of the State and of the Party as a consequence of the present decentralization of administration and economy in Yugoslavia. In effect, Yugoslav Communists tell the Socialists from the West, when they object to the one party system: "Abracadabra—don't you see we are about to vanish through a magic stroke! Your objections are not to the point!" It seems as if Communism in Yugoslavia excels particularly in disappearing tricks. The feared secret police, the UDBA, does not wear its well known uniforms any more, but is now all in civilian dress. Thus it is invisible, but it continues very much alive. At the same time the Party and the State are supposedly "withering away." The Party has changed its name and is officially not a party any more but a "league." "The People's Front" is not a front any more, but the "Association of the Working Socialist People," which sounds better in Western Socialist ears. Indeed, it is even proposed that the very word "Communist" should be eliminated entirely, to be replaced by "modernist." The people who are most amused by these innocent-looking games are the veterans themselves; they are cynical in a way difficult for Westerners to imagine.

The greatest difference between Yugoslavia and the other Communist countries, however, exists in the countryside, where the Communist land reform is at a standstill. As in all Communist countries, the resistance of the farmers to collectivization has been desperate, and for the time being no more collective farms are being created. In spite of the fact that farms cannot be bigger than roughly twenty acres, there is no doubt that farming is the last refuge of the capitalist system in Yugoslavia. These small farmers live well, and their anti-Communist feelings are as natural for them as the air they breathe. When I recently visited a village in Serbia, a farmer asked me if it was true that there are farmers in Italy who are Communists or if it was "just propaganda." I had to tell him the truth: there are farmers in Italy who are Communists. He shook his head and said: "How on earth can a farmer be a Communist?"

But the Communist veterans openly admit that they consider this "rural capitalism" as something provisional, as something which has to be provisional. Did not Lenin say that wherever capitalism survives in a society on the road to the Communist ideal—even if it is kept under strict control—it will sooner or later, particularly in the countryside, breed more capitalism and become a great danger again? It would probably not be useful to remind the Yugoslav farmers of this fact now or to point it out to foreign visitors. Only the Communist veterans understand that no compromises are possible in the long run. For them there is no choice. Either capitalism swallows them or they swallow capitalism.

EAST AND WEST

Cops, Robbers, and Citizens

VICTOR C. FERKISS

ONE of the favorite sports of amateur cultural anthropologists is the construction of elaborate analyses of American cultural patterns based on what we Americans say about, and to, ourselves in the "mass media." The assumption is that our radio and television dramas, our newspapers and comic books, our motion pictures and popular songs, both reflect and condition American attitudes and aspirations. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that more enterprising socianalysts have not turned their attention to the potentially rich source of attitudes in some of the weekly radio and television crime-detection dramas.

At present, for example, the national networks carry three programs designed to present, in semi-documentary fashion, three of the nation's police forces at work. Two of these programs ("Dragnet" and "Twenty-First Precinct") are fictionalized; the third ("Nightwatch") is excerpted from actual tape recordings; but, despite melodramatic touches and some overwriting, all three programs are made with police department collaboration and approval and may be assumed to reflect actual attitudes of the police forces involved.

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"Twenty-First Precinct" ("the story of how the police operate in America's largest city") is less ready than the other two programs mentioned to claim that its dramatizations are factual re-creations of actual happenings. The listener is merely informed that the stories are documented "from actual police files." The program, though, is produced "in cooperation" with the New York Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and much attention is paid to the minutiae of police routine.

In comparison with the other two programs, the striking thing about "Twenty-First Precinct" is the omnipresence of social and moral hierarchies. Manhattan's Twenty-First Precinct is organized along para-military lines. Considerable emphasis is placed on gradations in rank, and the deferential "sir" is much in evidence. The members of the lower echelons can often be recognized by their accents, their faulty grammar, or their relative inarticulateness. Although this may in part represent a fictional stylization similar to that found in stories about the army, it undoubtedly reflects an image of the New York police force held by many New Yorkers and even by the police themselves.

The attitudes of the men of the Twenty-First toward those with whom they deal differ substantially from the attitudes exhibited by their brother officers in the West. These New York cops have to be—and are—patient with the public's foibles. Nonetheless, the Sergeant's weary, "Now look, lady," reveals an attitude very different from the crisp, dry respect for the taxpayer evinced by his Western counterparts. In New York's Twenty-First Precinct the people who are confused and in the way usually seem to be members of economically underprivileged and not fully assimilated groups. The attitude of the police (particularly of the patrolman) toward these people resembles the attitude of the second-generation immigrant toward his parents—they are lovable and part of the family but lack understanding and sometimes have to be told bluntly what the score is.

Most striking, though, is the attitude of the police of the Twenty-First toward the criminal. They don't like him. They can be roused to moral indignation by the crimes for which he is responsible. Captain Kennelly (accentless) exhibits a greater degree of detachment, but he too appears to share these reactions. Although he is less easily shocked than some of his subordinates, it is impossible to imagine Kennelly telling his men that the sole cause of crime is social maladjustment and that criminals are the way they are as a result of childhood traumas. One feels certain that his men would be horrified to have him say such a thing.

Apparently as a result of this attitude, the men of the Twenty-First are rougher on suspects and malefactors, both physically and verbally, than their Western brethren. Yet, in their relationship with certain culprits in particular cases one catches overtones of respect toward the offender. The very willingness of the cop to make moral judgments is a tacit acknowledgment of the humanity he and the criminal share. He hates crime but regards the criminal as a moral being not essentially different from himself.

On the whole, the New York police force as depicted in the program "Twenty-First Precinct" displays a distinctly Christian orientation toward human interrelationships and moral values. But as the scene shifts to the West Coast one senses a real change in ideas and attitudes. It is almost as though one had been transported to another civilization—or, perhaps, another era.

MODERN scientific criminology, introduced into the United States by the German criminologist August Vollmer, first took root in Northern Cali-

fornia, but it has gone South with a vengeance. Yet it is not just a question of techniques: the men of New York's Twenty-First also use fingerprint and MO files. It is rather a difference in moral attitude. The stylized action and dialogue of "Dragnet," pioneer and most popular of the semi-documentary crime shows, provides at least a partial illustration.

Sergeant Friday and his partner are not members of a military organization organized to fight an enemy; they are scientists devoted to controlling a disease, and they go about this job in an efficient, matter-of-fact fashion. When Joe Friday gives vent to his emotions he does so in low-key but with an intensity bred of having kept his feelings so long in check; at the same time his outburst is tempered by a note of chagrin at his failure to maintain a proper detachment in the face of evil. Irony is Friday's principal weapon. Physical violence, though important, is applied in as coldly clinical and functional a fashion as the surgeon's knife.

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The public frequently intervenes between Friday and the accomplishment of his appointed task. In such cases he handles, say, a vacuous old lady with patience and invariable politeness, and to the irrelevant remark his response is a cool, "I see." Usually the people who complicate Friday's job look and sound like well-educated members of the middle-class, and as often as not they are self-righteous, selfish, and stupid. Apparently this phenomenon reproduces a real-life pattern in the West. A California playground director once told me that she preferred to work with "underprivileged" children; in the better areas the children, who were usually less well behaved to begin with, would often attempt to forestall ejection for misconduct with: "You can't throw me off the playground; my father's a taxpayer." Sergeant Friday's public are obviously taxpayers, too, and he knows it. "Yes, ma'am" or "No, sir" is his only defense against their frequently abusive tirades, although it must be difficult to risk one's life to protect the likes of these. Possibly Friday, not unlike many modern social reformers, is primarily interested not in the unlovable present generation but in their (hypothetically) more lovable children. Or perhaps Friday and Company regard crime as a disturbing factor in an otherwise orderly universe, in which case the victim is interesting only in so far as he provides the starting-point for the chase.

In "Dragnet" the offender may be a professional criminal, a mental case, or a first-time loser, but, regardless, the hunter never hates. The emotions Friday exhibits are distaste, contempt—and pity for those who think they can escape the net. The hunted, whether as a result of their inherited genes or their environment, are members of another species. It's impossible to imagine Sergeant Friday as a potential member of this species, nor, on the basis of internal evidence, does it seem possible that he ever thinks of himself as such.

JACK Webb's "Dragnet," is both fictionalized and stylized. To see the new patterns in all their purity we must move to the suburbs. "Nightwatch" is a series of tape recordings made "in the field" by the Culver City (Los Angeles County) police. (A similar program taped by the Sacramento, California, police is broadcast in that city.)

One might contend that the invasion of individual privacy involved in such programs is in dubious taste at best; the screams of the injured, the verbal stumblings of the confused, and the cries of the bereaved are not what we normally think of as entertainment (although perhaps most of the listeners look upon it as such). But in an era when those pinned under trucks die distracted and blinded by newspaper photographers' flashbulbs, this operation may seem relatively innocuous. However, the very fact that the Culver City police do record these cases for the public's perusal gives us a clue to their attitude toward their job.

The policemen on "Nightwatch" need only speak for a few minutes to make the listener aware of the deep imprint left by the thorough, up-to-date training they have received at the Police Academy or the local college. These real-life cops seem like nice guys—hard-working, sincere, fond heads of families, and good neighbors. But there is no mistaking the fact that for them crime is a disease—nothing less and nothing more. Even if we weren't conscious of the scraps of freshman sociology and psychology sprinkled through their conversation, the evenness of attitude they display toward the mother looking for a lost child, the wife beaten by her husband, the husband, and the suspected narcotics pusher is a dead giveaway. It is obvious that we have traveled a full three thousand miles in spirit from the twenty-first precinct. The men of "Nightwatch" view themselves not as warriors but as physicians, and their specialty is preventive medicine. Crime is merely a sub-variant of a disease called disorder.

Actually, there are few serious crimes in this idyllic land. The problems which arise usually result not in imprisonment, but in referral to various social agencies or in threats to place the disturbing one in some kind of corrective institution for his own good. The cops may not be sure of the causes of all their charges' problems, but they *are* sure that if someone only knew enough all the problems could be eliminated The Culver City police are the epitome of sweet reasonableness. They never lose their tempers; they never condemn. They make even Joe Friday appear emotion-ridden.

Possibly even more interesting than the attitudes of the police themselves are the attitudes of those who are the subjects of their ministrations—especially when these happen to be Negroes, Mexicans, or persons with distinctly foreign accents. These (when sober) are only too ready to turn over the whole management of their affairs to the detectives, who provide a combination of father-confessor, physician, patron, and warrior. Matt Kennelly's men in New York, harassed by the local kids playing ball in the streets in defiance of police orders, would find Culver City a fine place for a rest cure for reasons other than climatic. In Culver City there are apparently no kids, only "juveniles." After a while, though, the New York police might find their responsibilities onerous. Not so the uniformed technicians of this brave new world, who seem to thrive on them. On balance, the shocking thing is the realization that Southern California may be a new civilization after all.

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The Silver and the Gold

I RAN across this sentence in Leslie Fiedler's collection of essays *An End to Innocence*: "We have been evolving in recent years a new sort of sensibility, defined by a taste for *haute couture,* classical ballet, baroque opera, the rites and vestments of Catholicism . . ." My knowledge of classical ballet, to say the least, is limited; my taste for baroque opera, I must admit, is woefully undeveloped—but how long have the "rites and vestments of Catholicism" been a part of life! The sentence stirred memories.

It has been my good fortune to see the "rites and vestments" of Catholicism at their best. There have been visits to ancient monasteries all over the world where the "rites" were carried out with loving care and unsurpassed dignity and beauty. A couple of years ago, at a papal consistory in Rome, I witnessed the splendor and richness of the ceremonies marking the investiture of new cardinals. There were Corpus Christi processions in Europe, a Eucharistic Congress once, and the moving rites of a priestly ordination. But it all began in the parish church, as it does for most of us, when I was a child. The Sunday Mass was an introduction to the world of beauty—a world that might otherwise have remained unknown.

I grew up in Chicago and not the best part of Chicago either. Beauty there was hard to come by. We did not realize it at the time, but we were surrounded by ugliness. Our homes may have been clean enough but they were monotonously plain. We went to school in buildings that were untouched by the faintest desire for architectural beauty. The churches we attended were sometimes gaudy, they were never beautiful. What pictures we had in our homes were bad prints of tasteless originals. The only sculpture we ever saw consisted of the graceless statuary that changed our churches from plain to ugly, and the stiff, graceless memorials to Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and other worthies to be found in the city parks.

The world we lived in was a world without good music. We heard the popular songs of the day and perhaps Rosewig's "Ave Maria" at the later Masses. Only a very few grew up with any knowledge of the musical heritage that should have been ours. We were poorer than we knew.

Perhaps by some standards we might have been considered millionaires compared to the kids growing up at the same time in European cities. We probably ate much better. Our homes might have been roomier. We went to school longer. But a kid growing up in Florence, say, is surrounded by beauty. He can not avoid it. Michelangelo is out on the streets. We could see copies of Michelangelo in Chicago too, provided we went off to the Art Institute. But we rarely did. There was beauty at the Institute, but it was something to go to see; it was not part of our lives.

Our lives were boxy houses, gray streets, plaster-of-Paris duplicates of the Lourdes shrine, the gilded movie cathedrals erected by the Messrs. Balaban and Katz—all spelling out ugliness. And the ugliness was never more fearsome than when, like the Messrs. Balaban and Katz' monuments, it aspired to elegance.

I wonder if any group ever grew up with less cultural contact than those of us who were raised in the gray mediocrity of the big cities of America. If we had been one rung lower on the social scale, we might have lived in the slums and participated in the street *festas* of Little Italy or the colorful processions of the Greek Easter. But so unrooted were we that we looked down on such public displays. We considered ourselves somewhat superior because we had no folk culture, traditions, or ties to the past.

We knew nothing about the rhythm of the seasons. We were cut off from the land and from its mysteries. Most of us could not tell you our great-grandfathers' names. We had tribal loyalties but no tribal traditions. We were ashamed to sing or pray on the open streets; our dancing was done behind closed doors. An Australian primitive had more ties with his past, more cultural expression than we had. We did not, of course, realize all this.

I think that those of us who were Catholics had an advantage. Our parish churches by and large were as tasteless as the rest of our surroundings, but we early learned something of "rites and vestments." No matter how careless the individual priest might be, there was dignity in the liturgy we saw, dignity, grace, restraint and measured grandeur. The poorest parishes possessed vestments and precious vessels—the only silk and gold we ever feasted our eyes on. The "rites and vestments" were our one link with the world of art. Here in church we had some fleeting contact with poetry, music, dance. The "rites" of the Mass we attended brought us into the stream of Western tradition. We were not as hopelessly cut off as we would have been without it.

On high feast days when there was a Grand Mass, as the French say, and sometimes in the cool peace of a weekday morning, the "rites and vestments of Catholicism" brought us an unaccustomed sense of beauty that seemed almost unbearable. In our innocence we tended to mistake this heightened awareness for genuine prayerfulness. Our elders sometimes made the same mistake about us. The boy who loved to go to church was thought to be "a little saint." But how often, later, when the need for beauty was satisfied elsewhere, did piety diminish!

I remember when I was a child about seven. I went to my first High Mass. There was Benediction after Mass. When the priest came to the altar in his wide silk cope, the smell of incense in the air, and placed the glittering monstrance high for all to look up to, I cried. The tears were an embarrassment and a mystery. I did not know why I was crying. I know now. It was not piety. It was hunger.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

A MODEST PROPOSAL

THE entertainment which the Messrs. Charles Bowden and Richard Barr are offering at the Playhouse—a small play by Tennessee Williams, a chamber opera by Leonard Bernstein, the adroit dancing of Paul Draper—is a mode of variety theater to which, in the past, the American temper has rarely proved congenial. Intimacy and charm and a certain critical consciousness constitute its special distinction: these are notably the virtues of a sophisticated cultural milieu. And I imply no criticism of the producers' wholly admirable intent when I observe that they are not the virtues we need stress most at this moment in the theatrical situation; for to paraphrase Roy Campbell's epigram, we languish not for the snaffle and the curb, but for the bloody horse itself. Still, there is a winning civility and good dramatic breeding about "All in One"—a graceful acceptance of limitation, the pleasure of the minority—that does fall on this dusty end of the season with a cool and morning freshness.

Mr. Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti" is supremely an illustration of the work such a theater exists to serve. This small variation on themes of suburban discontent would not, I imagine, sustain the weight either of a mass or highly selective public, yet it is a diversion of genuine musical impulse, full of asperity and wit and a wry, unforced sensibility. Indeed, much of one's pleasure in it springs from precisely that critical consciousness of which I have spoken, for out of the banal flux of illusion which enfolds us—fugitive images of beatitude nourished by advertising and the screen—Mr. Bernstein extracts a kind of jaunty ironic poetry, in which frivolity is consistently played against an abiding human concern. The piece is done here with spirit and vivacity: Alice Ghostley makes a brilliant effect with her burlesque of tropical daydreams, though the essential pertinence of the opera will rather be found in the aria sung by John Tyers about that hero of our society, The Man Who Succeeds. The matter of contemporary life notoriously resists the serious musical imagination, and there is a curious pleasure in seeing how—with this strategy, this operatic skirmish—Mr. Bernstein has made one patch of it accessible.

Mr. Williams again. I wrote last week of 'gratuitous shock' and 'collusion', and did one wish confirmation of the charge, he need only turn to this most disagreeable work for the modern stage. "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," a vicious, morbidly accomplished anecdote of Southern poor whites, finds the playwright untroubled by motive or plausibility, intent only on the evocation of venality. Note well: not a context in which venality might have some moral proportion, but the thing itself, naked and palpable. How well he has succeeded, one need only visit the Playhouse to determine: for its power, the play establishes a constant oscillation between backwoods pornography and a rather savage *nostalgie de la boue*; in this production, the former has rather the edge. No doubt Maureen Stapleton's performance is 'brilliant'; I record the opinion without enthusiasm, repelled alike by the impoverished human content of what Miss Stapleton creates, and by the awareness that these portraits of mindless grotesques seem to be the only original achievement of contemporary American acting. But "27 Wagons Full of Cotton" could not more potently illustrate the truth of Maritain's dictum that purity in art issues from nothing so much as the 'altitude' at which the artist himself chooses to contemplate and portray evil.

RICHARD HAYES.

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THE SCREEN

HIGH WIDE AND SOMEWHAT HANDSOME

THIS is one of those weeks in which the motion pictures camera, having travelled far and wide, is now showing off its wares in films of action enhanced by fancy backgrounds. The results aren't always edifying or entertaining, but they do merit consideration.

If you're disposed toward a trip to Mexico, you'll find "The Magnificent Matador" quite engaging and certainly handsome with its good local color shots in CinemaScope and Eastman Color. Budd Boetticher, who wrote the story and directed the film, is fascinated by the whole subject of bullfighting—as he showed so well a couple of years ago in "The Bullfighter and the Lady." And he manages once again to convey the atmosphere surrounding this unusual profession in his new picture. He is fortunate in having Anthony Quinn in the title role. Quinn, who has been cast too often in secondary roles, gives an outstanding performance as the much-loved matador who is accused of cowardice when he runs away on a Sunday afternoon just before the bullfight at which he was to induct a young man making his debut as a matador. The working out of this plot, which I should not reveal further, builds up quite a suspense, but unfortunately it also gives out with some odd ideas of Catholicism, particularly in regard to superstition. And its love story gets more than a little sensational when Maureen O'Hara, as a visiting American, sets her cap for Quinn, fails, then Quinn goes to work on her, fails, and then they fall in love. The scenes in the bull ring and the whole aura of bullfighting are expertly portrayed. But obviously "The Magnificent Matador" is not for the young or sensitive.

NEITHER is "The Sea Chase," which gets pretty muddled in its moral issues but tells an adventure yarn that is exciting most of its stormy way from Sydney, Australia, to the North Sea. John Wayne makes practically no effort to act like a German during the course of this thriller in which he plays the captain of a German freighter that is being pursued during World War II by the English; and Lana Turner makes practically no effort to act at all. She's supposed to be a German spy and international adventuress—but she doesn't fool the audience and her love scenes with Wayne are pretty silly. Although Producer-director John Farrow allows his picture to run at too great length, he manages to work up a lot of suspense. The script makes it very clear, however, that our Captain Courageous Wayne is not a Nazi; and for the final scenes his boat flies the old Imperial Battle flag. Many of the sea sequences, filmed in CinemaScope and WarnerColor, are mighty impressive and without much effort eclipse the petty machinations of man. They don't eclipse Wayne, of course, who is a top box-office attraction and makes the German captain a lively character even if he doesn't have an accent.

THE scenery in "The Far Horizons," beautifully displayed in VistaVision and Technicolor, almost steals the show too, but that's because Lewis and Clark in this screenplay, written by Winston Miller and Edmund H. North from Della Gould Emmons' novel *Sacajawea of the Shoshones,* behave too often like Cub Scouts cutting up when their leader isn't looking, As a matter of fact I think Boy Scouts would on the whole be more adult in their behavior than these two famous explorers who pushed their way up the Missouri, to look over President Jefferson's newly acquired Louisiana Territory, and then went right on to the Pacific. The journey is full of thrills, but during the parts when the two leaders fell to bickering it also gets exceedingly exhausting. Charlton Heston makes Clark a likable, adventurous sort of guy and his romance with the Shoshone maiden (Donna Reed) who guided the expedition for a long period is quite convincing. Fred MacMurray, who seems most unhappy in the costumes provided him, makes Lewis a sort of unpleasant martinet.

FOR "Herman Melville's Moby Dick," a half-hour short produced and directed by Jerry Winters, the camera didn't have to go chasing around on land and sea at all. It just stayed home and photographed some stunning drawings by Gilbert Wilson—and the effect of these illustrations for *Moby Dick* with the camera giving us close-ups and distance shots (thus simulating movement) plus an excellent narration from the Melville book provides a thrilling experience. I have never been too keen about the art movies that use pictures and statues to tell a story, but this long short has been handled so successfully that it won me completely. The *Moby Dick* story is in itself moving, and Thomas Mitchell's dramatic reading of the narration made from it is first-rate. And Gilbert Wilson's imaginative drawings that use color (the movie is done in Eastman Color) and form so well to visualize the moody story are perfect for this unusual type of film. New Yorkers are fortunate in that "Herman Melville's Moby Dick" will be shown with "The Great Adventure," the fine Swedish nature movie reviewed here last week.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"BELIEF AND THE WRITER"

Cathedral City, Cal.

TO the Editors: You have now published a couple of articles about the handful of writers who have dared to write about "birth, life, death, love and jealousy, conflict of wills, of freedom and authority, the new and the old;" about the world in which we live in other words, as experienced in the perspective of God. These articles have spent most of their energies dispraising such writers. The queasy term "amateur theologians" has been applied with an enthusiasm worthy of *The Saturday Review* but not of The Commonweal.

Of course the best way to dispose of the religiously-minded writer is to divide man up into airtight compartments, so that the writer dare not deal with a man's religious ideas or feelings or needs—he must leave this to the professional theologian. Everything ought to be done by "the professionals." The writer ought not to expose the mind of a man—this should be left to the psychiatrists; the temporal scene should be left to the professional historians; the daily life of work and play should be left to the professional sociologists; and the love life of the characters to the professional biologists. In other words the poets and fiction writers ought not to write because whatever aspect of character and conflict they dare treat, they will be treading on the forbidden territory of the professionals who of course have studied the field and are the ones equipped to deal with their special subjects.

Not long ago Joyce Cary remarked in an interview: "He [God] is a fact of experience. And one must not run away from experience." The writer deals with experience and the serious writer does not run away from experience. If he writes about man in the perspective of God, he does so not because he is trying to be an "amateur theologian" but because as a writer he must write about the "facts of experience" be they subjective or objective. To speak of "the lack of charity of contemporary religious writers"—to agree so affably with Miss Nott's absurdities—is to fall in with one of those typical half-truths that always fluently persuade the unseasoned mind. No one speaks of the "lack of charity" of our realistic writers, of Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farrell, etc.—these are our American giants of realistic literature—no one speaks of their "lack of charity" because the human shortcomings they and our other literary giants portray in their characterizations are revealed as the products of a bad environment.

No, the attack by religiously-oriented critics on our "contemporary religious writers" is by no means motivated by these writers' "lack of charity"—it arises because these writers are *contemporary*. Our contemporary religious writers are too true, too realistic. The nineteenth century desire for a saccharine falsity in any work containing religious feelings and thoughts still reasserts its deadly domination. If you deal with man in relation to God, be inspirational, give us some uplift; don't show us how we look, snarled in the bonds of our frailties, our lusts, our hates, under the glare of that great light—that is uncharitable! Oh, yes, you may show how we look in the bonds of our frailties, our lusts and our hates if this is done in relation to our environment because that proves we aren't responsible—we are the victims of circumstance. But don't show us how we brothers treat each other with the Father looking on.

No doubt when Dante's *Divine Comedy* first appeared there were critics who censured him for a "lack of charity" (those terrible scenes in hell with real people); no doubt, he too was reprimanded for trying to be an "amateur theologian" and no doubt his "theological reasoning" was "often dilettantish" and his "version of the Devil . . . remote from reality"—perhaps he, too, was in his day subjected to the same kind of confused judgment that we find in two articles published in The Commonweal on *our* religious writers; that is, his off-the-cuff remarks about current political figures etc. were mixed-up with his poetry and the literary evaluation of his work was made not on the *Divine Comedy* but on what he had said about some fourteenth century prelate.

We live in a time when a singularly sensitive and probing kind of religious writing is being achieved—an extraordinarily rich time for literature in both poetry and the novel. This is a time when a few writers daringly take the great techniques of experiment, realism, and poetic insight and use these techniques not to portray man sociologically or biologically or romantically or psychologically but in all these ways together, to picture the Total Man, under the eye of God. It is quite tremendous, and like anything new and great in scope and deep in feeling, it is not acceptable—it is resented and rejected by the critics.

But perhaps sometime not far off it will be seen quite clearly that these great writers of the twentieth century, these great writers like Eliot and Lewis and Greene and Mauriac and Bernanos who, unlike Rimbaud, Proust, and D. H. Lawrence, were not detached "from the Christian tradition" (the Christian experience) "made extraordinary discoveries about human nature and enormously enriched our experience," and their work, unlike that of the great Rimbaud, Proust, and D. H. Lawrence, was not "lacking in that 'wholeness,' that 'unity of conception' which Santayana pronounced to be 'an aesthetic no less than a logical demand.'"

CORNELIA JESSEY.

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The Novels of Elizabeth Taylor

RICHARD AUSTEN

TODAY the immediate past is a foreign country. No longer does the novelist work against a background of accepted ideas and a stable society; now one has to be familiar with his world, to live in it oneself, otherwise, however brilliantly it is invoked, it will remain like a stage-setting—odd, dated, hardly to be believed in. Indeed there is some justification for thinking that the contemporary novel will only survive as a period-piece; that it is only relevant to its own time, and will (if it has the qualities to survive) be read by future generations as a social history rather than as a work of art with a universal application.

It is therefore interesting to speculate which novelists of our time will be judged by future readers to have captured most exactly the atmosphere of post-war Britain; what novels are to be the period-pieces of the future as *Vile Bodies* and *Antic Hay* are to us typical of the generation that grew up after the first world war. Among them, I believe, will be the novels of Elizabeth Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor's six novels, all produced between 1945 and 1953, are sad, sardonic, compassionate; full of a sense of loneliness and betrayal, of a society which has lost its roots in the past and cannot comprehend the tragic ironies of the present. The background is the war, not because it has made life shabbier, harder and less secure, but because it has driven a wedge between young and old which makes communication between them impossible. The young feel suffocated by their elders, who in their turn are exasperated by their children's ability to adapt themselves to such a society, and condemn them for it. The young accept passively their rootless existence; their elders cling absurdly to the manners and beliefs of their own youth. A sense of continuity with the past has been lost and there is nothing to replace it:

> In his world [reflects Laurence in *The Sleeping Beauty*] the elders were disgusted with the young —tactlessly and illogically disgusted that they should manage to live in the sad conditions bequeathed to them. No apologies were made for having handed on such a world, and Isabella, for instance, gaily blamed her son for taking what he found. She lamented the old days and often told Laurence what he had missed. He thought that he inherited her generation's sighs, as well as the fruits of their foolishness.

So also Hugo Macmillan in *A Game of Hide and Seek* reflects that: "The time before the war had been so idyllic to him that he measured everything against those days; he could not feel at home among so much that seemed spurious."

This gap that divides different generations is one of which Mrs. Taylor is highly aware. For it leads to a further estrangement of parents from their children: they are estranged because of their respect for one another's feelings, their reserve and the irritations which so often accompanies it; nagging at each other with infinite tact, they are unable to be honest about themselves.

Elizabeth Taylor has an acute appreciation of the treachery of one person towards another, uneasily sensed beneath the commonplace remark, the small, unthinking cruelties, and the cruelties of things clumsily said or not said at all. Friends grow apart, helpless and irritated, as each day reveals new fissures in what they believe to be an established relationship. They are conscious of a sense of insecurity and restless boredom. Love decays into an empty routine, where the impossibility of people to communicate drives them to establish a series of uneasy compromises with truth, and because of that they are haunted with a deep sense of guilt and betrayal.

MRS. Taylor has the art of exposing the central feature of every experience—the revealing gesture, the hesitation, the moment when everything is shatteringly revealed only to be covered by a yawn or a commonplace. She shows us the facade cracking, and then the frantic effort to hide the depths of loneliness or desire which it exposes. Her characters are frightened by the intensity of their own feelings; they draw away embarrassed from those depths; so careful are they to keep up appearances that they suffer continual misunderstandings. Nothing can be honestly or simply shared, because by the very act of revealing their own hidden thoughts, they are in danger of losing the little they possess in love and friendship.

It is a world of middle-aged women bound together by the friendships of their youth, carrying on an unceasing struggle against the years, retaining the habits of friendship by trivial activities in order not

Mr. Austen is an English writer and critic.

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to expose secrets one to another for fear of losing this easy but comfortless intimacy. It is a world of elderly men eaten up by an insatiable curiosity about others, but fearful of committing themselves in any way; their curiosity is a dead, uncreative activity which only increases their solitude:

> He feared the unhappy, the possessive, the single-minded, the intense; was gallant, rather than tender; flirtatious, but not loving. He was also rather a coward and, because he saw Tory drowning, felt it safer not to notice, lest, forced to go to her rescue, he might be involved in her struggles and dragged down to depths he had no wish to visit. (*A View of the Harbour*)

Both in her novels and short stories Mrs. Taylor is deeply involved in the emotions of adolescence—of young girls, lonely and afraid, inarticulate and full of self-distrust. Few modern writers have dealt with the confusion of first love with greater sincerity and lack of false sentiment; she catches the moment exactly:

> Harriet would peep from the smeared window; Vessey would sit, hunched up, his hands round his knees, staring at a leaning tower of flower-pots. The only interruption was when one of them timidly swallowed an accumulation of saliva. The ticking of each heart, which they believed the other must hear, was like a pendulum rocking in a hollow case. What they thought was heaven, would seem like hell to them in later life. (*A Game of Hide and Seek*)

When they grow up they are able to look back on that frustrated and lonely childhood and to understand how it has turned them in upon themselves and, through fear and pride, they have stifled their own emotional life; the defense-mechanism of those early years has now imprisoned them, so that they remain crippled for the remainder of their days.

This is not to suggest that Elizabeth Taylor's novels lack vitality and movement. She has an acute sense of humor, and her small, precocious children have an absurd wisdom which is extremely amusing; and the dog, Hotchkiss, who is one of the main characters in *A Wreath of Roses* is a fabulous animal and very funny indeed. But the richness of her novels lies not only in their depth of psychological insight, but also in her compassion and her appreciation of the real dignity of human beings. The people she seems to admire most are those who by the power of their imagination and zest for living find richness in humble things and delight in a willing acceptance of the beauty and strangeness of the world. Mrs. Bracey in *A View of the Harbour,* crippled though she is and suffering, still finds the spectacle of life in the little port one to invoke the most outrageous and Rabelaisian comments; the view from her bedroom window is one of inexhaustible interest and delight. Similarly Mrs. Tumulty in *The Sleeping Beauty* and Julia Jephcott in *A Game of Hide and Seek* infuse each moment with richness, with their theatrical sense of each event's being in itself "an occasion."

THE technique of these novels, although owing much to Virginia Woolf and Elizabeth Bowen, is highly individual. Each chapter is split into a number of short sections, each dealing with one particular character; so that we are conscious of various lives unfolding at the same time. It is not unlike the technique of the cinema—the swift cross-cutting, the emphasis upon one small incident, the fixing of a single mood; then the camera swinging away to another scene and a different mood. Mrs. Taylor's continual obsession is with the problem of loneliness; and her technique, by isolating her characters in these short sections of each chapter, makes one realise that while their lives progress together, they are still apart and alone.

The weakness of this technique is that her books sometimes lack direction; the elaborate patterns are woven, but there is no real design. Her plots are weak —especially in her least successful book, *A Wreath of Roses,* where the conclusion is obvious from the first chapter and the characters too clearly seen for there to be much development; and also in *A View of the Harbour* which is rather clumsily rounded off by a somewhat glib and "made-up" climax. But her groups of characters which are rapidly introduced at the beginning of each novel are then so skilfully manipulated that one is not for long disturbed by her method.

The composition of her novels might be compared to that of a musical fugue in which, while each subject has its own identity, each illuminates another; the characters emerge singly or in small groups, like figures in a ballet, isolated from one another yet all contributing to the whole. The method is clearly evolved from Virginia Woolf's great novel, *The Waves,* but the design is enriched with more humor and humanity and has a wider range than that of Virginia Woolf.

These six novels (her short stories are brilliantly observed but a little slick, and do not give a fair example of her real qualities as an artist) have established Elizabeth Taylor among the first rank of English novelists. They are popular and do not depend upon the whims of a small minority in order to survive; and her reputation is unlikely to crumble with the changes in literary taste. For she writes within the great tradition of English fiction, not attempting to make new explorations in technique an end in itself, nor writing within a narrow philosophical or aesthetic theory which will not survive its first disciples. Her novels, I believe, will be read—as period-pieces no doubt—by future generations after many of her more famous contemporaries are forgotten.

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The Enduring Fecundity of Christian Wisdom

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Etienne Gilson. Random House. $7.50.

By JOSEPH W. EVANS

ONE has to be careful in his use of superlatives and expletives. But there comes a time when the reality to be expressed demands them. This is such a time; Gilson the historian is such a reality. We have come to know in a long line of books the vastness of Gilson's scholarship, the freshness and depth of his insights and the clarity and vigor of his style. All of these are present in *History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages,* and to such a degree that this book is surely his masterpiece.

What precisely does Gilson mean by "Christian philosophy?" "I call Christian," he wrote in *The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy,* "every philosophy which, although keeping the two orders formally distinct, nevertheless considers the Christian revelation as an indispensable auxiliary to reason." In his new book he points out that the true nature of the distinction and relation between faith and reason, as also between philosophy and theology, is a matter to be settled by philosophers and theologians.

Gilson himself disclaims any intention to resolve this problem—he modestly looks on himself as a "simple historian." But the philosopher and the theologian in him do keep coming out, and we can gather that he would *distinguish* philosophy and theology, in the manner of St. Thomas Aquinas, in order to *unite* them, in the manner of St. Thomas Aquinas. And yet the main purpose of Gilson's book is to underline and pursue the historical fact that in the Middle Ages philosophical speculation did find itself in some kind of vital communion with revelation and theology, and that, in the eyes of medieval philosophers and theologians, its integration with revelation and theology was eminently favorable to its own purification.

Different readers will, of course, be attracted to different particular features of this book. To my mind, three are especially worthy of note. First, I would remark the unique position that Gilson accords to St. Thomas Aquinas. For him, Aquinas certainly remains *the* Christian philosopher. This conviction, already so ably defended in *Le Thomisme,* is here reaffirmed with a new incisiveness. Not only does Gilson consider Aquinas as having assimilated the body of philosophical truths known in his time, but he sees him as having radically transformed it. Let it suffice here to say that he regards this transformation as issuing from Thomas' being the first to grasp in philosophy the primary value and richness that is *existence,* and this not only in persons but also in things.

A second remarkable feature is Gilson's feel for the positive contributions of different Christian philosophers. He is certainly adept at spotting weaknesses in philosophical systems. But he is even more adept (and this is a talent many of us could seek to acquire) at seeing and preserving the true and the good in them. Gilson has substantially the same natural reasons as Aristotle for his positive approach to different philosophers. He knows, on the one hand, that reality is complex and difficult, that it does not yield its secrets easily. He knows, on the other hand, that human knowing participates in the nature of art, to the extent that it requires the forming of concepts and the reasoning from one thing known to another thing that was not known. It is only natural, then, that there be a certain diversity and renewal in human knowing. It is only natural that the defects, neglects, and narrownesses of one view of reality be redeemed by true insights in other views of reality.

But Gilson has Christian reasons, too. The living Christian faith that is his is a wide-hearted faith. It is a faith that remains open to all that is true and good, a faith that would have us all seek to discover the true and the good wherever they are to be found, in order that we might assimilate them, purify them and perfect them in the light of Christian faith.

A third notable feature, finally, is Gilson's admirable awareness that the old alone is not sufficient; that to it must be added the new. One senses this conviction in every chapter of this book, and one finds it expressly stated at the end: "This tradition [of Christian philosophy] is not a dead thing; it is still alive and our own times bear witness to its enduring fecundity. There is no reason why this fecundity should come to an end. On the contrary, it can be expected to exhibit a new vitality every time it will re-establish contact with its authentic methods and its true principles, whose permanent truth is independent of time. The only object of the history of Christian philosophy, apart from being a history like all the others, is to facilitate access to the perennial sources of Christian speculation."

A key word here is "re-establish." Ours must be no mere mechanical and servile attachment to this tradition, but rather a spiritual and filial one. Through a dynamic and original activity of our intellects, we must discover anew what there is of truth in this tradition. And then, of course, all this must serve as the *source* of our own Christian speculation, and of a Christian speculation that is ever open to what there is of truth in all the manifold intellectual strivings of contemporary man.

We should be deeply grateful to Gilson for this masterful work. Those who are caught up in the cult of the "easy," the "short-cut," and the "practical," will never know the treasures to be found in it. But all those who cherish the works of the mind can find here a great contemporary mind leading them surely, and penetratingly, to the great minds of the Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages.

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The Free and Enslaved

FLESH AND BLOOD. By Francois Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus. $3.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

AT nineteen, Claude Favereau returns to his country home from the seminary, his vocation defeated: he is free and enslaved. The promptings of the flesh have vanquished him. But when he befriends young May and her brother Edward (whose wealthy lust-driven father, a widower, owns the chateau where Claude is employed), this unshakably Catholic boy is soon tossed between flesh and spirit as never before. May has a sensitive, romantic heart and a scornfully scrupulous Huguenot soul, while Edward's intellectual facility, utterly bereft as it is of will, makes him the natural prey of pleasure, and, coincident with this, a premature oblivion-seeker.

Claude's swift-blossoming love for May and his pity for Edward can only have tragic issue. But tragedy is for a stark moment, and Claude watches in the anguish of helpless passion as May, converted through his love to Catholicism, dies to that very love—too painful and sacred for them to share in flesh and blood—marrying the man of her father's choice. Both Claude and May appear to attain a kind of animal sublimation, a desperate compromise whereby they retain their faith: she in a marriage of duty; he in burrowing deeper into the earth he works—as if it could be his protector against its own ravages. This is Mauriac's bitter "resolution."

Claude is one of Mauriac's earliest heroes of traumatic introspection. This novel was written at a time when the author had not quite assimilated the essential elements of his own personal drama, which has become that of all his characters; when he was yet too consciously the "Catholic novelist," lacking none of the tormented gifts and gifted torments implied in that controversial label. *Flesh and Blood* does not feature that splendid equilibrium of scene and interior conflict—one of the lyric prose revelations of modern writing—with the unfailing control found in the later novels. In it the overpowering sensuous opulence of scene (it is the familiar Mauriac landscape near Bordeaux) at times sends the narrative careening, while the atmospheric symbolism at others strays almost to the point of reducing the characters to the level of pantheistic foils. (A significant if probably unconscious idiosyncrasy of Mauriac's is having his heroes or anti-heroes in the most intimate communion with nature, his less sympathetic creatures either unaware of their impulses, stimuli and responses, or led by phantoms of abstraction.)

Rescue comes in certain terrifying concentrations of doomed passion; yet there are also places where a theological spell is cast, incursions which beg the question and impress that the novelist is merely foisting his own struggle on his characters. And inevitably this makes his own drama as little compelling as it does theirs. For the rest, their spiritual motivation is sometimes as dubious or torturedly naive as a Graham Greene hero's. There is at best a fine grasp of character but as yet a mercurial mastery of strictly fictional elements.

Perhaps the thing that most interestingly detracts from *Flesh and Blood* is the sadistic intensity with which Mauriac portrays Edward's self-torture: he lets him suffer freely to the last, only thereby to prove with lofty skill how fatal such freedom is. Edward is no more nor less than the child of a creative sadism which, at this period in Mauriac's growth, was as non-objective as that of Celine or Malraux, Sartre or Camus continued to be. But it is really due to an uncharacteristic lapse toward conventionality in the strands of the "intrigue" that Edward, and all save Claude and May, fails to be convincing: the pathos of his situation is jettisoned for the sake of some emulative parody on the Paris literary salon world, c. 1914.

Still, however unsustained, there remain those magnificent yet tender, dense yet delicate passages of rendingly tragic irony, impregnated with that disquieting insight so typical of Mauriac, that anticipate the unique artistry soon to discover itself in *Baiser au Lépreux, Genitrix, Therèse, Noeud de Vipères, Fleuve de Feu,* etc.; an insight disquieting not simply because it is clinically brilliant on nature in itself and in man, but because it cannot be parted from the great and disinterested sensibility of the artist, nor thus from his signal achievement—a probing lyricism and dramatic psychology completely new to the novel.

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The Magic of Dylan Thomas

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $3.50.

By CHANDLER BROSSARD

WHAT separates a poet, in any of the arts, from a hack is the poet's extensive belief. His belief in his art, his belief in magic, his belief in the scope of human imagination. It is his intensive pursuit of his beliefs which gives his work the power to make us transcend ourselves. Dylan Thomas was a devout poet, and reading his work, either his prose or his poetry, always results in the reader's experiencing something new and unusual.

Adventures in the Skin Trade is a collection of Thomas' last fictional writings and those stories, as his publisher explains, that were not permanently available in book form. The title piece was the beginning of a rather unusual sort of novel, and in my opinion it is by far the best writing in the book. There are five other stories that are equally readable, if not on quite as high a level of invention; then there are several selections of a highly symbolic, private-language nature which, while they are characteristically rich and complex and original, are sometimes too much like poetry for the reader, on first reading, to assimilate entirely, except in brilliantly illuminating fragments. These latter fictions have to be gone over the way Thomas' poetry has to be gone over, patiently and with utterly open imagination. It is somewhat confusing to read them in connection with the more or less traditional prose stories.

In his novel fragment, *Adventures in the Skin Trade,* Thomas' gifts with words, humor, pathos, and bizarreness are all given a field day. His young hero, Samuel Bennet, is conceived in the wonderful tradition of Tom Jones, Huck Finn, Stephen Dedalus, and Celine's Ferdinand. The world, it seems, has always been awaiting the appearance of these remarkable, awed young men and when they meet, each seems to vie with the other for strangeness, invention, sadness, adventure, and final understanding. Both the world and young Bennet regard each other as fair fun and prey. "History is lies," says Sam, and the world smiles as she watches him start out from home to discover the truth of history in the individual.

What is marvelous about this novel in progress is that Thomas is never reluctant to weave the real with the unreal and as a result the experiences of the young man have an added dimension, a semi-dream, semi-waking quality not unlike the Sinbad stories. For is not the truth, or reality, of a young person's life as much in what he imagines happens and wants to happen, as what actually happens, in the most provable sense? When Sam meets a girl one has the feeling that all girls are meeting all boys under circumstances dominated by ancient magic. When Sam drinks in a pub with his newly acquired city friends, it is

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as though humanity is taking a day off from its troubles, suspending all hostilities, and going off on a wild picnic to soothe the soul. "I'm like thistledown," Samuel muses, and you're delighted to hear it.

A story called *After the Fair* demonstrates with what beautiful control Thomas could handle the grotesque. A lost girl of the streets —or really of the universe—finds momentary haven in the fairgrounds, after hours, specifically in the tent of the Fat Man. They share toasted bread, and their meeting is almost mythical. The girl rescues a dying baby from a hay-covered corner, and in a desperate attempt to soothe its fears and cries, she and the Fat Man take it for a midnight ride on the carousel. It carries you back almost to primeval times, such is its power of suggestion, and you wonder—almost as though you are trying to summon a memory from your bloodstream —what it was like with a man and a woman and a child at the dawn of history.

The other stories that I found particularly impressive were *The Followers* and *The True Story*. The latter shows, with a kind of beautiful brutality, what can happen with a lonely country girl who, in a claustrophobic situation, feels that unless she makes her break for freedom now, and with any device at hand, the world will pass her by, forever and ever. It is a study of the soul at bay, and it shatters one's lethargy. *The Followers* could have been written by Joyce and included in Dubliners, for it is a classic "epiphany" as he used to call certain experiences. Two young men, consumed with boredom, follow a passing girl home in the hope that in some way she will lead them to, or somehow provide for them, a rift in their all pervading greyness. It is done so dryly, with such irony, that you don't know whether to laugh or cry for them.

Whatever feelings, complicated or simple, that one may come away from this book with, everyone should have had one experience in common—that of being communicated with in a most personal, revealing, trusting way by an artist of major stature. Though he may laugh, Dylan Thomas is not fooling.

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Anti-Communism

If the revolutionary dynamic is dead, as far as the Russian peoples themselves are concerned, Communism continues to operate as a powerful revolutionary force throughout the non-Soviet world. It inspires men and women to dedicate their whole lives to the achievement of a utopian ideal. It therefore contributes mightily to the relentless march of the Russian (and now the Chinese) totalitarian State.

Although this adversary of the democratic freedoms, this enemy of man, is so formidable, it is curious how few of the most vociferous American anti-Communists support the measures which are most needed to stem and turn the Communist tide—be it adequate funds for armed defenses or appropriations for Point IV or other means of attacking poverty, disease, injustice—all those unspeakable human conditions which give the Communists their chance.

Moreover, The Commonweal is of the opinion that the challenge of Communism cannot be successfully met until what gives the movement its momentum is thoroughly examined and understood. Communism cannot simply be wished away; Communism will not collapse by dint of being called bad names. Communism can be overcome only by the example and dissemination of better social and political systems. Hence our difference with many of the professional anti-Communists is that actually they take Communism too lightly.

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